

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SUCCESSOR

When I was young like you, son,  
The story was told of him—  
Of a boy—we have seen his like none—  
Of a simple, heroic mould.

To chop was his diversion  
This lad, all free from guile,  
There'd have been no animal diversion  
If he'd stuck to the cord-wound pile.

But one day abroad he wandered,  
To the orchard wandered he,  
Where his father wealth had squandered  
On many a fruitless tree.

On his father's favorite sapling  
He fixed his boyish eye,  
He had never a thought of grappling  
With questions of whose or why.

He feels his strong, young muscle  
And swings his bow on high,  
It is only a moment's tussle  
And the tree on the ground doth lie.

But it alone doth the lying  
For when Dad comes and sees,  
His wrath, the boy tells you  
Says: "Trounce me, if you please!"

"Why I did it, sir, I know not,  
'Twas wicked, I know well.  
Mercy to me you owe not,  
Yet a fib I cannot tell."

This state of things befitting  
The thrashing was deferred.  
And at many a family sitting  
The yarn has been heard.

But times have changed, I tell you,  
George Washington's out of date,  
For now a ticket they sell you  
To hear Doc. Cook narrate.

Throw open the Church's portals,  
Good people, pay your toll,  
What though Babelzebub chorales,  
Let's hear about the Pole!

Who cares for that foolish fellow  
And the story he told his sire?  
Our age has become more mellow,  
Bring on your champion liar!

Edmonton, Oct. 31st.

—Nanki-Poo.

One would be glad to hear other reasons given for the review of Fritz Eberts, for the murder of Constable Wilmet of the N.W.M.P. at Frank, Alberta, April 13th, 1908, than that the commutation of the sentence, is a great victory for J. W. MacDonald, his lawyer.

The public is not interested in any lawyer's legal pyrotechnical display, but we in Canada, are concerned, that the justice which we brag so much about, shall be administered, and upheld, and that all the world shall know that in Canada we have no trafficking, nor the slightest suspicion of deal-dealing, with murderers.

Eberts hanging was to have taken place on Monday.

Now we hear that a telegram has arrived from the Minister of Justice, relieving the murderer, and commencing his sentence to life imprisonment.

In Vancouver, the most recent much comment was caused by the unusual proceeding of the Supreme Court in allowing the self-confessed slayer of Ernest Spindar, Harold A. McNaughton, out on bail.

Where is this leading?

One man goes to the scaffold, and another escapes with life imprisonment.

His counsel appears to make all the difference.

Is this justice? Is it right?

Should not facts speak louder than any eloquence or legal quibbling?

A life for a life was the old law.

It was a good one.

I remember coming in the train from Winnipeg, overhearing a colored porter discussing the case of a man named Taylor, being tried at the 'Peg for a straight out-and-out cold-blooded murder.

He was bragging about the cuteness of his counsel, and the fact that a death sentence would stir up a big racial war.

"Why they wouldn't dare hang him," he said, "They'll send him up for life. That's all we want. That's all he wants."

"By what god's is a man's life to him without freedom or friends," queried the Galician Interpreter, taking part in the conversation.

"Life is sweet," answered the Porter, and his face as he said it expressed all the animal love of mere existence you could crowd into a single countenance.

"Life!" and he looked about him as if to query, what further could any one desire.

There are other stunted minds who entertain a similar viewpoint.

Death is their only terror.

If they can conquer, and get off with a life sentence, they'll jump that consequence every time.

Writing of lawyers, reminds one how two-sided an instrument is this much-vaunted Law, which some of its devotees and followers wield with such telling effect.

The weapon of defence of to-day is the instrument of crime of to-morrow.

The Profession has probably the greatest collection of brilliant men and able rascals in its train, of any you could name.

A man should choose his lawyer as carefully as he selects his wife.

It is a strange profession, in that its ethics permits a man to defend a client whom he knows to be a scoundrel. It allows him victory on technicalities that would be absolutely impossible if judged by facts.

It is a game of quibbles, and the man best up in his work, and with the readiest wit and tongue, has the honest chap beaten to a frazzle.

With all just-ice to him, I may remark that I have heard not once, but often, that the present Premier of Alberta, was notable, when on the Bench, for his findings along strictly common-sense lines.

Some say he knew little law.

He knew better, the rights and wrongs of a case from an ordinary, common-sense standpoint.

The present Chief Justice Harvey is a man, well versed in the law, and keenly alert to its fine points. At that, though, he doesn't let his penchant for word-splitting interfere with his good-sense.

Recently a lawyer in town (who shall be nameless, but shouldn't be unguessable), was retained by a client, or supposed to be, in his interests, as an employer of labor.

Mr. Lawyer is not, I may confide, very much at home in the role.

He pretends to figure as the ardent defender of so-

At the first trial his testimony got the murderer off. Later, however, it came to light that at that very hour some class was being held in that room.

Murderer and Perjuror were again tried. I don't know what happened to the second named, but the Party of the First Part hanged himself in his cell before the Law had a chance to do as much for him.

With us it's not the story, but the point of view: Not so much what people do, but what they think, might, would or ought to do.

For this we hold a Looking Glass. Lies to your eyes.

You may see, though sometimes much mistaken in our views.

We don't tell lies.

SOMETIMES I wonder what they ever created lawyers for, unless it was as word-creators and makers of mischief.

I know personally that after I have been styled a Party of the First Part half a dozen times, and told that a spade is really a hoe, and that nothing is but what is not, and nothing is not, but what it was never intended that it should be, I am ready to throw up my hands, and cry, "take my purse, but leave me my reason."

Lawyers worry me.

In their personal capacity they tell you things that in their legal capacity they flatly contradict.

They are, very often, the plural of what Mr. Humble called the law.

This, incidentally is a quite usual legal method employed, to call a man what you think he is.

You can't call him an ass to his face, and if he catches you calling him it behind his back, you'll be up for defamation, or slander, or some other excuse, but you can, if you go in a round enough way about it, style him any old thing, so long as you use Parliamentary language, and set about it something like this:

If I told you what I think you are I would call you a double-dyed-in-the-wool rascal and cheat, as you may have gathered somewhat of my meaning.

This is the law, and according to the queer ways of the lawyer men.

But sometimes even lawyers are of use. With all their quibbling and their "doses" and "so-forths" with all their cold, chilly conclusions, and their lack of good plain common-sense, they are nevertheless useful.

They are the one refuge of poor, impulsive, honest men and the victims of the rogues of a community.

They are the only creatures who can out-shark a shark at his own game.

You and I have no chance.

You set a lawyer-man on the trail of your and my men and catch our men take mark out at the quibbles.

We hear a great deal about the letter of the law. That means the lack of common-sense of it. Its quibbles, its loopholes.

A sensible man and woman is well-advised who acts with a due regard to it.

And I don't know many things. Know them as surely as we know that Death lurks ahead to trip us, one and all.

But knowing a thing, isn't the same as being able to do it.

It is the proving a secret of it, of which I would speak.

Black and white, the written word, is the only coin of the realm, accepted in court.

You may have had any number of understandings, relative to a deed or transaction, but a crook, armed with lies, can mislead your whole a-pile-cart.

Hardly a day goes by, but I hear some man or woman complaining of the dishonesty and trickery of the law, or she has met with, from some supposed friend.

"Everything was on a friendly basis," they explain, "We didn't set anything down."

In a business deal, a man is your friend.

"Trust everybody" is a good rule.

Perjury and larceny and a signature, are the best witnesses anyone can have, either in a horse-trade or any thing else.

In Edmonton, where every day thousands of transactions are being put through—rushed through—to facilitate business, people are utterly careless about having their deeds properly attested, and looked into.

They take their chances.

That's all right until Mr. Crook comes along and nails you, with the letter of the law to back him.

More tricky deals are put through, and carried out in the name of the letter of Law and Justice, than were ever offset by good deeds to its credit.

With a man who calls a legal quibble to his aid, you have about as much chance as you have of throwing a six, in a game of dice.

He has no regard to the rights of a thing. His name is nothing to him. You have to have a thing in black and white from him to hold him.

Get his signature. Read over your agreement. Go and see your lawyer-man.

In a matter of business, call no man your friend. At least have Mr. Humble's enemy on your side. And above all look out for self-styled "jolly good fellows" about town.

They are the boys to keep your eyes on.

They're the lads who cinch a deal with a bottle of champagne, or get you to trade a horse, just friendly-like, nothing written you know."

Just watch those gentry as you would a chicken that is about to be plucked.

You'll mostly hear from them later, with the letter of the law on their side.

A bottle of beer, or a smile, is a poor thing for a signature.

Ask the lawyers.

I see by Youth's Companion, that a man in London advertised to teach socially ambitious Americans the "English accent."

"All Englishmen and some Americans," this clever paper comments, "to the contrary notwithstanding, the accent of London is no better than that of New York; but if some way could be found to make more common in this country the mellow and musical English voice, it would be worth while."

"Oh Lord!" to the first, and "Heart!" to the last.

I must confess to it, I am sick of the Moose Law accent. I mean the hybrid, mongrel variety, that you can imagine originated somewhere near there, or in the region of Yonaka.

It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

It is not natural, nor is it even a decently acquired substitute, for the so-called English method of speech.

To listen to a cultured Englishman talk, as for instance Forbes Robertson of delightful memory, was a joy in the hearing, and a treat to look back upon.

Not to have to stand silently by and put up with an affected, poor imitation of the broad A, is to make one's mind unconsciously turn to quick methods of poisoning, and how to shame Americans and Canadians into being natural.

By being natural I do not mean using a nasal twang, any more than when I refer to an Englishman, do I expect to hear him talk about doing things "this way" and that.

I mean speaking with a proper regard to the beauties and harmonies of our Mother Tongue.

Provincialisms are not National characteristics, and while I don't know anything that delights me more than to listen to some clever Englishman, describing something with a delicious disregard to the "Ws" at the end of words, and not to restrain myself, or her words, the same feeble imitation of her accent on the part of a fellow countrywoman of mine, gives me the inclination to give her a shake. Imitations are odious, even if they are supposed to be the sincerest form of flattery.

Let us use a national form of speech that is negotiable in every corner of the realm, not smart under the stigma "that's Canadian" or "that's English."

If we are Canadians, don't let people figure the taint of being "superior" in the attitude of our speech.

We can as well be no greater honor than just to be "the best kind of ourselves."

"When a person buys clothing, or the material for clothing," says an exchange, "he ought to get what he asks for and pays for. If he is deceived by the retail dealer, or by the label placed on the goods by the manufacturer, he is not entitled to a refund of a fraud against which he is entitled to have legal protection, and for which the law should provide adequate remedy."

The adulteration of fabrics is not so great a menace to society as the adulteration of foods, but it is an evil that has increased in recent years, and the victims of the crime are not more numerous by the reflection that it does not so seriously endanger their lives. Two pure-fabric bills, based in the main on the protection of the consumer, were introduced at the recent session of the American Congress. They failed of enactment, but they did arouse some interest, and future Congresses must give them, or a similar measure, more serious attention.

"Some persons believe that this matter falls within the province of the individual states, rather than of the national government. The same argument was made when the laws against adulteration and misbranding of foods were suggested. The states did not attend to the matter, however, and the country gratefully welcomed the Federal law. Is it more proper that the states should be left to their own devices in the matter of the people in what they wear than in what they eat?"

"In the states there are many local influences at work against the desired legislation, and each state naturally hesitates to enact laws that may hamper its manufacturers or merchants in competition with those of other states where no such laws exist. Moreover, state laws lack the uniformity that is desirable."

At the recent national convention, both the dyers and the laundrymen urged a national pure-fabric law. They probably had their own interests chiefly in mind, for in their business they are daily

Continued on Page 8



Scene in the Novel Play "Bought and Paid For," Empire Theatre, 3 Days, starting Thursday, Nov. 7th.

cialists and the laboring classes, and is usually to be found tagging out of another flar with a follower or two at his heels.

Well, as I was saying, the case had practically closed. Only the champion of Capital on this occasion remained to be heard. This is how he was heard, summing up his retainer's case.

Chief Justice Harvey, I may remark, being on the Bench.

Your Honor, my case is closed. Almost, though, I feel like apologizing for appearing on the side I do to-day. As you know I have ever championed the cause of the poor and the down-trodden. I have not stood by the side of bloated plutocrats, who live by the sweat of the brow of—

—but you know the dope that kind of man usually hands out.

He generally, by the way, has political aspirations.

"In closing, I may say, if Your Honor sees fit to find against my client, I shall have no objection."

"Mr. Lawyer," snapped out the Chief Justice, "may I enquire which side of the case you are supposed to be appearing for?"

"And the moral of Law had the common sense to sit down.

Down in an Ontario town, for years a clever criminal lawyer drove a white horse. That horse had a history, and it wasn't all to the white or credit of the man who drove it.

The man who owned on that horse though, and donated it to the Legal Light who guided its reins, were a pair of murderers whom he got off, though several Indians confessed, that they had assisted them to perform the murder.

No one said the penalty for the crime, because ——— hypnotizing tongue persuaded the Judge and Jury, that even though they had confessed to the crime themselves, yet was it not possible for them to have committed it.

That's mesmerizing for your life, isn't it? It was as an anti-getter though, that this fame was known far and wide. In another famous case he had the later-proven murderer, spending the time at which the murder was known to have been committed, reading Elsie's books in the V.M.C.A., reading room.

The janitor swore to this.

## Saturday Mirror

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SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1912

## VANITY FAIR

Judging by the consensus of opinion expressed in the letters in reply to my suggestion that this column be dropped in "The Mirror," "Vanity Fair" stays.

Very few approved of eliminating the society notes. I am sorry. Sorrier than I can say.

Social reporting, as I have often told you, is the hardest kind of hard work—and the most ungrateful.

People always remember, not what you did, but the petty, trifling things you forgot to do. It is wearing work, and worrying.

Worrying because it involves so much detail. However I must abide by your decision.

The name "Vanity Fair," some people take exception to. But what is Vanity Fair, but the world, after all. The gay world of dances and routs and tea parties, and all the bill-of-fare I set you out in its pages.

Let me whisper. The men were the most pronounced objectors to cutting out the society feature.

The men! Heaven bless them—who probably spoke the truth as they will blunderingly do—on occasion.

Now all that remains for me to do is to make them as interesting as I can.

I am always glad to publish the announcements of reception days, visiting days, etc., and if you will telephone 1184, or the Mirror office, 6986, and leave your messages, I will see to it that they are inserted in the first possible issue.

It is useless to send in notices for the current week after Thursday morning, as we go to press in the afternoon.

Sectarian notices, like church bazaars, etc., must go in the advertising columns.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick will receive for the first time in her new house, 881, 21st Street on Monday next, and afterwards on the first Monday of each month.

The Women's Musical Club of Edmonton will hold their second meeting of the season, in the lecture-room of the First Presbyterian Church, at a quarter past three this Saturday afternoon, when a very interesting programme has been arranged, with Brahms as the composer of the day.

So many people have phoned me asking for Mrs. Gauvreau's address, that I am publishing it to accommodate both them and others who are anxious to discover it.

Mrs. Gauvreau is now living at 1380 26th St. and has resumed her catering for teas, lunches, etc.

Mrs. Julian Garrett will receive for the first time since returning from her honeymoon, with her sister, Mrs. Hislop, at her residence on Sixth Street, on Tuesday afternoon.

No doubt shoals of callers will take advantage of the occasion to welcome her back as a bride to Edmonton.

I noticed Mrs. Sutherland of Calgary, who was passing through Edmonton en route to Winnipeg, the centre of a merry little tea-party at the Blue Moose on Wednesday. Mrs. Knell of Metropoli, Nev., was also a visitor, a guest at the tea given by the Edmonton Women's Press Club to Mrs. Staveley of Winnipeg, the same afternoon and at the same popular rendezvous.

Mrs. Knell is looking splendidly, and is here on a visit to her family, returning to her home, probably accompanied by Miss Cornelia Hughes, about the tenth of this month.

The Kenneth Mackenzies flitted off for a six months visit to the Old Country the morning after

the Assembly Dance. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. Tom Rookes of the Alberta, have their cosy residence on 21st St., leased.

Mr. and Mrs. McHaffie leave shortly for a visit to the Coast.

During their absence, Miss McHaffie will occupy the Brathwaite residence, Mr. and Mrs. Mc-

Haffie probably taking a house of their own, on their return from their trip.

I hear that Dr. Brathwaite is on his way home, but that Mrs. Brathwaite is so enamored of the Old Country that she is remaining over for a longer visit.

Miss Eleanor Taylor the same evening, gave a jolly young people's Hallow 'E'en Party, which I heard being eagerly anticipated early in the week.

The week has been a very busy one.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Castlet Hlopkins addressed the

## What's at the bottom of kidney trouble

There are many causes at the bottom of an attack of kidney trouble, over eating, over drinking, heavy colds, these and others cause illness such as kidney trouble, gall stones, kidney stones, gravel, lumbago. But no matter what is at the bottom of the disease, there is now a sure and safe cure, one that acts quickly and without fail. That remedy is SANOL, which is already well known to the medical profession of Canada as well as to thousands of sufferers from the disease named above. One Winnipeg lady who is well and widely known she that she has sent to us a large number of people to be relieved of similar complaints. We do not care where the reader of this paragraph resides. We can give him or her names and addresses of people in his own town or locality who have been cured by SANOL. We will also give the name and address of the lady referred to whose complaint had troubled her for such a long period and who is now completely cured.

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We wish to announce that we have with us a French Hairdresser,  
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Women's Canadian Club of Ed-  
monton in the lecture room of the  
First Presbyterian Church on  
"The New Imperialism." Tea was  
served at the close, the members  
being also given an opportunity  
to meet the distinguished lecturer.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. For-  
tune, 521 Seventh St., were also  
host and hostess of a merry frolic  
the same evening night.

Mrs. Joseph Morris was the  
hostess of a large and very smart  
tea at the King Edward Hotel on  
Thursday afternoon; the particu-  
lars of which I must hold over un-  
til next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison  
leave for a three months' visit to  
the Old Country, early this com-  
ing month.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scoble  
are others whose departure for  
England for a three months' stay,  
is only the matter of a few days.

The Sydney Woods are moving  
this week from their residence on  
Fifth St., to their beautiful new  
home just completed, on the  
Stony Plain Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sears  
have bought a house on 21st St.  
and are moving out there in about  
a fortnight's time.

The tea given by the Misses  
Murphy on Saturday last, was a  
very jolly affair. Mrs. Arthur  
Murphy receiving with her daugh-  
ters, wearing a most becoming  
toilette of soft grey satin, with  
lovely Rose Pointe garnitures.

Miss Murphy was also in pale  
grey with insets of heavy guipure  
lace, and Miss Evelyn Murphy  
wore a most attractive frock of  
golden brown tulle, made with  
the fashionable panier effect, and  
the collar of the moment, the high  
Rebellerie.

The tea table was a mass of  
gorgeous pink muslin green ferns  
and softly-shaded candles, and  
was presided over by Mrs. Swais-  
land, Miss Julian Garrett, Madame  
Cote with the Misses Rudolph,  
Miss Alice McKenney, and Miss  
Anna Belcher assisting.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings had a  
charming informal little tea on  
Tuesday afternoon for one of the  
season's brides, Mrs. Jocelin Pirie,  
who came with her mother and  
sister, Mrs. and Miss de Sousa of  
Calgary, who have been with her  
on a visit.

Mrs. Jennings looked very  
sweet and attractive in the pretti-  
est sheer white tulle with lovely  
Torchon lace and insertion over  
palest pink, a toilette that carried  
out the artistic tea-table color  
schemes of pink and white. A  
travelling bag for pink seta with  
pink daisies on an exquisite cen-  
ter-piece, were the unique floral  
decorations employed, with tiny  
brass baskets of the same bloom  
at the four corners.

The soft rays from many can-  
dles added their touch of charm,  
and all the delicious refreshments  
carried out the same effective col-  
or note.

Mrs. Howard Douglas and Mrs.  
Harry Cooper served the ices, and  
poured the tea, the guests wait-  
ing on themselves, and delighting  
in the happy, informal nature of  
the tea-party.

I hear that there is to be a se-  
cond series of Assembly dances,  
though as yet the organizers have  
not taken many people into their  
confidence. There is room for  
two, as witness the crowded ball-  
room at the first dance of the old  
Assembly crowd.

Mrs. de Sousa and Miss de Sou-  
sarettal to Calgary on Wednes-  
day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rolfe, who  
have been abroad for the past few  
months have returned to the city.

Mrs. Belcher will receive this  
Friday afternoon for the first time  
this season. Mrs. Hugh Nesbitt  
of Wetaskiwin and Mrs. Cherry  
of Winnipeg are receiving with her.

The Edmonton branch of the  
Canadian Handicrafts Guild are  
holding an open meeting at the  
Blue Moon tea rooms this Friday  
afternoon, Nov. 1st, at 3 o'clock,  
when everybody interested in the  
work of the Guild is cordially in-  
vited to be present.

Mr. Oliver Hunt and Mr. Harry  
Halboun who spent last week-end  
at the "Hewson Farm" came back  
to town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Leslie Staver of Winni-  
peg was entertained at tea at the  
Blue Moon on Tuesday by the  
local Women's Press Club.  
Mrs. Staver is a really inter-  
esting and delightful woman, and  
the Club had a happy hour meet-

**The Royal Train**

The above illustration shows His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia, enjoying the voices of the world's great singers, as produced on a Victrola furnished to the C.P.R. by the Berliner Gramophone Co. of Montreal, for use on the Royal train on the trip to the West.

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Continued on Page 6

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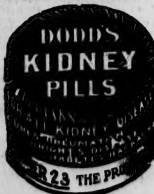
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EDMONTON

## I Heard Rather a Good One

"What is your favorite flower, Duke?" asked the heiress. "But I ought to know that without asking."

"Well, what should it be?"  
"The marigold."

"And what is your occupation?" asked the accident insurance agent.  
"I'm a woodsman. During the hunting season I act as a guide."

"I'm sorry, but my company won't take a policy on your class."

"My dear sir, you're not a risk; you're a certainty."

Sunday School Teacher—Willie do you know what becomes of boys who use bad language when they're playing marbles?  
Willie—Yes, miss. They grow up and play golf.

"Bobby, you have been fighting with that Stapleford boy again. Did you count ten before you struck him, as I have always told you to do?"  
"No, but I was told that somebody counted ten after he landed on me."

A Dutchman came into town with his gun but minus his dog. A neighbor asked him: "Vel Hans, what did you shoot today?"  
"I shot my dog."  
"Vus he mad?"  
"Vel—he wasn't so pleased."

A sermon was being preached on purity of heart, and the words came fast and eloquent:  
"Oh, Lord, give us pure hearts, give us clean hearts, give us sweet hearts." "Amen," responded every man in the congregation.

Here is one of the many stories that Lord Rossmore tells in his recent volume of reminiscences:  
"A German baron was a bit of a snob, and when he was standing for his constituency he thus addressed the meeting which, as usual, had an Irishman somewhere in it.  
"My friends," exclaimed the baron, "my title is of no mushroom growth; my grandfather was baron, and my father was baron." Then came the Irishman's chance.  
"An' it's a great pity yer mother wasn't barren too!" he shouted, while the crowd pranced for joy.

A newly married couple and a friend were travelling by train, when they were suddenly plunged into the darkness of a tunnel. There was no light in the car and when they abruptly returned to daylight the bride and the bridegroom were caught kissing nervously.

The friend was embarrassed, and he said the first thing that came into his head: "That—ah—that tunnel cost two million dollars."

The bridegroom nodded his head wisely. "Well," he said judiciously, "it was worth it."

He—I have a compliment for you dear.

She—What is it?

He—Mrs. Jones says you have the handsomest husband in town.

Horror-Stricken Mother—My dear Robbie, you don't mean to say you're making baby eat that hot polish!

Bobbie—It's all right, mummy, it's "Cherry Blossom"—you know the man at the boot shop said it couldn't possibly hurt even the most delicate kid.

"When a woman marries and then divorces her husband inside of a week what would you call it?"  
"Taking his name in vain."

"I fear I have made a mistake."

"Why?"

"He proposed in a taxicab. The minute I accepted him he paid the bill and we got out and walked."

A clergyman tells this story about himself:

"My little daughter was feeling a bit under the weather the other evening and therefore had to be put to bed early. She had not been under the covers more than five minutes before she called out:  
"Mamma, I want to see papa!"

"Go to sleep, dearie," answered her mother. "Papa can't see you now."

In a few minutes there came a pleading voice:  
"Mamma, I gotta see papa!"

"I can't disturb your papa now. He is very busy. Go to sleep!"

"There was a silence for nearly four minutes. Then this pronouncement floated down the stairs:  
"Mamma, I am a very sick woman and I must see my pastor at once!"

Then I went up."

He was a cashier in a downtown business house, and his vacation had just ended. As he entered the office on Monday morning his associates rose to greet him, but he held up his hand for silence, and before anybody could say a word he distributed among them a number of neatly printed little cards reading thus:  
"Thank you!"

"Yes, I had a dandy time."

"Oh canoeing, fishing, golf, etc."

"Yes, the weather was simply bully!"

"Hard to tear myself away?"

"I ought to. I'm feeling fit as a fiddle."

"And without a word he started in at his regular work."

"The leanest man I ever knew," narrates a man from the south, "used to live down on Owl Creek. He was a tall man and I suppose that he hadn't always been so lean. The fact was that he had had the ague right along for fifteen years when I first met him. He had a chill regularly every afternoon at 15 minutes after four. It got so that people in that neighborhood would set their clocks and watches by Link's time."

If the town clock said five minutes after four when Link's chill commenced, the janitor of the building would hurry up to the town and turn the hands on ten minutes. Link was so lean that his bones rattled when he had a chill so that you could hear them for quite a distance. He got enough comfort of his frame and a while so that he could make his bones play a tune while he was chilling."

He said that it sort of kept his mind off the ague and reconciled him to his fate. Link was originally a large framed man and when he got so poor he had enough skin to cover two men like him. This enabled him to perform some curious feats. For instance, he could turn around in his skin and while he was facing one way in fact he seemed to be facing the other way. At one time Link took sick and had to be fed by a nurse. The nurse was a trifle near sighted, and during the first two days she waited on him she poured the medicine and food into a wrinkle in his face under the impression that it was his mouth. As Link had no appetite anyway and didn't care to take medicine he made no objection."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Socialist, "money is filthy lucre."  
"Well, I've done the best I could today," replied the man who dabbles in stocks. "I've cleaned up \$1,000."

Green '15—Why do you study Latin when it's a dead language?  
Beane '13—Why do you study English when it's been murdered so often?

Nora—Please, ma'am, Oi wish to have

Mrs. Closefasted—But why Nora? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?

Nora—That yer how, ma'am; an' it's more that flesh and blood kin stand any longer.

Lady of the house—You say you haven't had anything to eat today?

Tramp—Lady, if you believe me, the only thing I've swallowed today is insults.

The little maid gazed thoughtfully at her father. "Papa," she said, "do you know what I'm going to give you for your birthday when it comes?" "No, dear," he answered. "But tell me."

"A nice new china shaving mug, with gold liners on it all around," said the little maid. "But, my dear," exclaimed the parent, "papa has a nice one, just like that, already."

"No, he hasn't," his little daughter answered, thoughtfully. "cos—cos—I've just dropped it."

The ever-popular drink song, called "We won't go home till morning," was composed just 203 years ago by a French soldier, whose name is unknown, after the battle of Malplaquet. The sprightly air was a favorite of Marie Antoinette, and it spread throughout the world. "The English and Americans adopted the tune, fitting to the words: "We won't go home till morning," and "Till daylight dawns appear."

The profound simplicity of the song naturally appealed to the befuddled intellect of the soldiers on campaign. "For he's a jolly good fellow," followed after three repetitions by "Which nobody can deny," is another version sung to the same tune—Washington Times.

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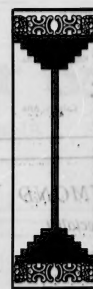
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The first box gave me great relief, and after I used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well."

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good for Compton's. I am now well and happy and I want to say to all sufferers that they should try it. I am a perfect cure for the trouble mentioned."

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## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

The following very candid editorial article appears in the Victoria Colonist and is of interest both in a general way and by reason of the fact that we saw "The Chocolate Soldier" in Edmonton recently.

Why is a production like "The Chocolate Soldier" so popular? The plot is thin, and not funny. There is not a really amusing situation in it. The dialogue, such as it is, is silly. The musical numbers are drawn out. Sound is made do duty for harmony. Soloists and chorists get upon a high passage and scream for all they are worth. Yet every one goes to it: everyone applauds and everyone seems more or less satisfied. What is the explanation? Thomas P. Harnum once said: "It's not what you give the public that counts, but what you tell them you did not kiss them in the past, and what you tell them you have given them."

A violinist comes here and plays with marvelous technical skill but not so that any one enjoys it. We all go in raptures over one of the reasons is that the girls in Chicago wanted to kiss the violinist, and his wife said she did not care, so long as he did not kiss them in the past. Great is the advance agent. He tells us what we must like and there are audible evidences of it. It saves us a lot of trouble.

But some will ask why do not all stage productions to which such observations apply? There is a reason and it is not to be discovered, as you may think, in the business office. A reporter is detailed to write an account of an entertainment. Let us suppose, as is not always possible, he is a competent critic of such things. How shall he deal with it—from his own point of view or from the point of view of the audience? He sees a thousand people hugely enjoying themselves and he knows another thousand could get a lot of fun out of the same performance. Shall he reflect upon the taste of the first thousand and spoil the pleasure of the second thousand by saying that the soprano only screamed, the tenor went flat, the basso swallowed his words and the dancing was about as graceful as the antics of a hen scratching for grub? This question does not refer to any particular performance, and is only intended to be general in application. In other words shall the reporter set up his judgment against that of a thousand or so of his fellow-citizens?

But you say that it is the duty of a paper to do what it can to improve the public taste. Perhaps so; but how can the public taste be improved by criticizing the imperfections of a comic opera? Indeed it is because such productions violate every canon of good taste that we all go to them and laugh at them. And so we come back to where we started, and ask again why such productions are so popular. Is not the answer to be found in the fact that we are

only children and like to be amused? Or so that we are amused, why not tell the public in advance that a production is going to be amusing and assure them after it is over that it has been amusing? Perhaps that is simply humbugging the public; but this would be a pretty hard old world to live in, if we did not humbug ourselves or permit ourselves to be humbugged a good deal of the time.

The other night in London at Duke of York's Theatre, Manager Frohman produced his long awaited hit-bill, which included short pieces by Shaw, Pinero and Barrie. The report states that the programme commenced badly. "Shaw's piece was worthy of him." It was little worse than the usual run of suggestive stuff bearing on the bad morals of the sexes with which Shaw so delights to regale his admirers. The adventures of two husbands and two wives who got mixed up in their domestic and sentimental relations finally nauseated the on-lookers, and there was very little applause.

Barrie offered a "ghost story" which contained enough flesh-and-blood naughtiness and depravity to satisfy the most inveterate devotees of retentive realism. It was replete with sensual appeal and without much artistic value, and there were audible evidences of relief when it was over.

Barrie saved the day, as usual. His little play told a delightful story of human interest concerning a mischievous young actress on a holiday. It was full of hearty laughs, and as acted by two or three of the cleverest London players, it captured the house and won the only genuine, enthusiastic applause of the evening. After the final curtain, the stage manager appeared in answer to calls for the author, and said he would tell Messrs. Shaw, Pinero and Barrie none of the splendid reception. He was answered with a yell from the audience: "Not Shaw—Barrie!"

All have grown tired of the cynical, salacious writer for the stage; only the "lower world" of thought and conduct is responsive to his cheap, tawdry, maledorant art. In contrast, the charm of Barrie looms up as a thing of rare beauty.

The Toronto News gives a poetical notice of a concert in that city which concludes as follows: Madame Homer, Louise, Was the Soloist rare.

To gleam in her hair, No sunbursts or Orders, No yards of chiffon For silly young women To calculate on. Nay, sir, but her Voice Is a dream of delight. "O passion and fervor, No note of it 'white.' Her range is supernal. Her manner a truce: Each tone she emits Is adorably sweet. The Meyerbeer number Was showy, no doubt.

But the Song of The Smith Put its memory to rout. Louise is a peach. May she soon come again; And this notable Concert Is over that it has been amusing? Was over by ten!!!!

Home talent everywhere is naturally jealous of the importation of talent from abroad. Basso already feels the stirring of local pride, as witness of which take the following from the News:

"Calgary Orchestra" is used as a draw card on an invitation issued by the promoters of a recent dance at the Berkeley Hotel. Why in the name of all that is holy, why? Can't Basso furnish an orchestra equally as good as Calgary? Why should Basso people be expected to look up with meek adoration to a "Calgary" orchestra? Is it the magic of the name Calgary? Why shouldn't the world's "Basso" orchestra be filled with at least equal attractiveness? Haven't we a sufficient number of music imbued patriots efficiently trained who can furnish good dance music. The history of previous dances has proved that we have. Why then should we have this "Calgary" orchestra thrust upon us? We don't want it, when we can supply a better bit of good music at home. Besides the consideration that it is delivering our much needed money to strangers, it should hurt our pride that we are supposed to recognize a greater talent from abroad.

Let's pull for home—and home talent, and home money.

The London Mail, which has been investigating the subject of race-time had this to say in a recent issue:

There is a child's story of a wizard who could tap the earth with his wizard's staff and produce a hurricane that devastated everything and everybody in the vicinity.

He was only a fairy-story wizard. There is in America a far more powerful magician. He tapped a piano and everybody began singing, whistling, humming; a veritable hurricane of sound swept the United States from end to end; it swept the Atlantic and devastated the European Continent; invaded England and was repelled; invaded England again; now has England marking time.

There is no avoiding rag-time. That tap-tap on an old piano in an American café four years ago has blotted out oceans and overthrown the boundaries—you hear its results in every village and in every city of every land, and those who go down to the sea in ships cannot escape it.

The magician was Irving Berlin and his spell the rag-time song. Of two of his songs, "The Alexander Ragtime Band" and "Every Body's doing it," the popularity has been so immense in America that over a million copies have been sold. Every variety theatre in Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg has had its "rag-time" arm with real American performers letting it go for all they are worth.

Now England has succumbed to the fascination. A quarter of a million copies of the "Alexander Ragtime Band" are reported to have been sold in this country.

The most interesting feature of this rag-time craze is the personality of Mr. Irving Berlin, who has been described as the rag-time king.

Four years ago he was at work in a small café in the New York Bowery, earning about fifteen dollars a week. Last year he drew \$12,000 in royalties from his rag-time compositions. He is not yet twenty-five years old.

How success tumbled into his grasp with overwhelming generosity is thus described in his own words:

"I had little or no musical education. I really taught myself everything. In fact when a boy my great ambition was to become a cartoonist. I still draw a little. I used to sing in a choir with my father, and made my first public appearance when I was ten years old."

"I continued singing at cafés and doing odd theatrical work until I was twenty. Then I wrote my first song. Its subject was the race between Dorando and Haver, and the story is told by an Italian who wagers his shop on Dorando's chance."

"I made \$25 (\$5) out of that song, and it earned \$20,000 (\$4,000) for the firm that published it. I followed this up with 'Sally Salome—Go Home,' as the Salome dances were then all the rage. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this were sold, and I netted \$6,000 (\$1,800) in royalties, having by this time gone in with the publishing firm."

## McLaughlin's "DRY"



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## OPENING

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## Walter Ramsey FLORIST

Phone 1292

836 Victoria Ave.

Paul Gilmore appearing in "The Havoc" at the Empire Theatre, Tonight.



## VANITY FAIR

Continued from Page 3

Mrs. George Armstrong of 17th St. was one of Thursday's tea hostesses.

Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Clark Dennis, and Master Raymond Sifton, left last Saturday to accompany the Premier on his trip to England and the Continent.

Mrs. Spratt's tea on Tuesday afternoon brought crowds of fashionable women out to experience perhaps the nearest approach to a London Regency; they ever remember in the West.

It was rather a delightful experience just to see lights looming up out of adjacent class. Little huddled groups for a second out-lined by the headlights of the street cars and their soft gleams on Mrs. Spratt's cosy arctic home, "Pencil Hill," and have a delicious cup of hot tea and a chat with one's intimates over a blazing grate-fire.

The hostess received in the cosy little den wearing a lovely, graceful gown of pale blue unison, draped over soft satin, and with lovely silk underlineries inset.

The delightful drawing room was gay and sweet with bowls of exquisite pink roses and softly and intelligently while the table, with the handsomest old silver, was centred with a veritable "lover of pink" carnations and fern, with little silver jardinières at either end filled with cool, delicate ferns and saucy pink-shaded candles in beautiful silver sticks.

Mrs. Love and Mrs. Harrow presided here, Miss Shirley serving the ice and looking very smart and Mrs. Tighe, in the sweetest soft blue velvet toilet, Mrs. Polle, Mrs. Carpenter, and Miss Kate Poncharrier assisted.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond have moved from 117 Fourteenth St. into apartments in the McLean Hotel.

The offering of the Orpheum Circuit at the Empire Theatre the first three nights of this week found every seat sold out, the audience seeming delighted with the bill, though for myself I thought it on the whole, one of the poorest that has yet appeared.

The popularity of such vaudeville as the Orpheum managers are giving us, is undoubted, possibly having order their seats a day ahead of time, to get any of the best accommodation.

Orpheum theatre parties are the correct thing among the fashionable set, and nightly you will see the boxes filled with well-known people.

"The Havoc," with Paul Gilmore in the star role, is Mr. Russell's latest offering of this week. It is a play that has aroused a great deal of criticism, both for and against it. Theatre goers in Edmonton will probably wish to go and judge for themselves.

The first Assembly Dance of the season, held in the Separate School Theatre, last Friday night, was a great success. Here is the word, the hall-room being crowded.

As at last year's dances, Turner's Orchestra furnished the music, and played all the latest rag and waltzes, in their customary fine style. For an innovation they played on the stage, some thinking the change a desirable one, others that the music didn't carry quite so well as from the old position. The Home Bakery had charge of the refreshments, and furnished a delicious light supper.

Judging by the crowd present, I should say that last year's list of performers had been considerably added to, either that or there were hosts of visitors among the number.

Among the patronesses present, were Mrs. Farrel, looking exceptionally pretty in gold satin with lovely lace and handsome Oriental embroideries; Mrs. Swaisland, one of the belles, in black satin, with a beautiful black net veil embroidered in pale greens, golds, and silver, and a most becoming "boudoir" of old gown in her hair; Mrs. Duncan Smith, very distinguished in soft pale blue satin, with a black, gold-embroidered short train.

Among other noticeable gowns and women, were: Mrs. Julian Corbett, in her exquisite wedding robe of heavy oyster-white satin, with a long pointed court train, the body of old gown draped in rich brocade velvet and chiffon, and caught here and there, with some lovely rhinestone ornaments.

In her dark hair was a bandeau of pearls and brilliants, catching a sweetening algerette at the temple. Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison had on a

very smart toilette of white satin, veiled in cerise chiffon, with glistening crestal trimmings.

Mrs. Hugh Campbell's frock was a stunning creation of heavy gold-embroidered, copper-colored, chiffon, a design of golden wheat making an unusually rich effect.

The gown was draped on a foundation of cloth of gold, and had sparkling diamanté embroideries. I thought Mrs. Campbell one of the most striking and beautifully frocked women at the ball.

Mrs. Joseph Pirie, was very sweet in pale blue satin, veiled in cerise chiffon, with a deep border of pink roses. Black velvet and diamanté accessories added a striking touch.

She brought her sister, Miss de Souza, a popular and attractive partner in a Dresden chiffon creation over yellow silk, shadow lace making a lovely garniture, and in her hair a yellow toilet bandeau.

A noticeable party were Mrs. and Mrs. Gordon and some English friends of theirs who came for the most part just to look on.

Mrs. Marriott from the South Side, wore a striking French gown of clinging white satin, with veils of pink and blue chiffon. On the décolleté, was some lovely lace and some little knots of pink satin roses.

Mrs. Joseph Morris was shown in rich gold satin, with a sheer embroidered overdress, in the same lovely tone, and a gold overlay in her hair.

Mrs. Campbell's frock with its exquisite real lace foundation, draped in pale blue broad satin, with some shimmering garnitures was very richly admired.

Mrs. H. N. Lane looked stunning in a beautiful toilette of black satin, with a magnificent silver net tonic heavily embroidered in silver. Two soft floppy pink velvet poppies was a last effective touch.

Mrs. Dickins was smart in old rose satin with a beautiful black lace overdress.

Mrs. Melville Cardell was a graceful, sweet-like figure in a charming white satin creation with a gold and silver tulle.

Another bride, Mrs. Kenneth Bowman wore her handsome wedding gown of shimmering white satin, with exquisite shadow lace garnitures.

It simply can't begin to describe how radiant and pretty the unmarried set were looking. The debutantes, the debutantes of one and two years back, each and every had her court of admirers, and enjoyed every moment of this very successful dance.

I had a delightful half-hour this afternoon, at the Masters' Piano Co.'s splendid showrooms on Jasper Avenue, listening for the most part to some beautiful new Victor records just recently arrived.

I heard a recording of this week, a right-angled song that brought a man to the door of the little room to inquire where the bird was. Calve, Caruso, and the latter a marvelous rendition of Beethoven's "Carnival of Venice."

The Masters Co. carry a complete line of Red Seal and Double Seal records, and for the enterprise of this surprisingly up-to-date firm, in a city as far West as Edmonton.

What I like about the Masters Co., is that what they say they mean.

They don't make any claims which they can't substantiate.

Just take an hour or half an hour off, and go down into their Victor demonstration rooms, and enjoy yourself as I did; these are specially-designed rooms, with every turnings, and can be set at ease, and have the World's most famous music brought right to you for your selection enjoyment.

The Victorians range in price from \$20 up to a beautiful full-cabinet Circausation Walnut style, at \$100.

Records run from \$1.25 up to eight dollars.

I don't mean the splendid, business-like system in every department that obtains throughout the store. Prompt service, the stock, every of it handy, and in its proper place.

Ask to see their sheet-music, and then exclaim at the magnificent range of it.

This year, Mrs. Masters' lavishes great stress on the wonderful improvements made by the famous Bell Co. of Guelph, in the last few months, to their instruments.

Each boulevarder and chaffron, and caught here and there, with some lovely rhinestone ornaments.

## HAVE YOU EVER HAD

the privilege of hearing this magnificent Victrola? If not we give you a hearty invitation to call at our Victor department, where we have an extraordinary high class stock of records.

## MASON & RISCH

55 JASPER W.

PIANOS.

PHONE 2436

## THE DOUGLAS COMPANY, LIMITED

Phone 5678

"The Home of Good Books"

111 Jasper Ave. E.

Instruments from \$25 Upward and we carry a full range of the above world famous records from 75c to 7.00 each. Come in and hear the cele-brated pickup record.

## EMPIRE THEATRE—TONIGHT

MR. PAUL GILMORE

THE HAVOC

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY AND ELECTRICAL EFFECTS

425 PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK

PRICES \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c.



EMPIRE THEATRE

3 Days, starting Thursday, Nov. 7th

MATINEE SATURDAY

WILLIAM A. BRADY, LIMITED

PRESENTS

New York's Greatest Comedy Hit

Bought and Paid For

BY GEORGE BROADHURST

Direct from 476 Performances at the PLAY HOUSE, NEW YORK

PRICES \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

Commencing Monday matinee.

November 4.

Little Lilly, "Vaudeville's Tiniest Little Girl," tops next week's bill at the Empire Theatre.

Champion Vaudeville, with an act which is brimful of clever points in the way of singing, dancing, and real comedy, and is contrived with a view to pleasing women and children especially.

Little Lilly is nineteen years old, although his small size seems a contradiction of the fact, and is fully developed mentally.

The playlet of the bill is "The Buttery," which was written by Jerry Gray and Frank E. Carpenter, who are likewise the principal actors in it. In the story the play is the sobriety of a young actress who has a young admirer in the person of the son of Michael Murphy, a typical Irishman.

Mignonne Kakin, the "Original English Turkey Hop Girl," will not only dance this interesting variant of ultra-modern gam-bolling, but will give numerous impersonations of well known dancers.

There is mystery and fascination in watching Caesar Rivoli's remarkable quick-change act, in which he first presents a tiny café comely, himself impersonating the six characters in it, and then assumes the roles of such famous musicians as Verdi, Wagner, Beethoven, Puccini, Mascagni, Rossini, Spontini, Strauss, Liszt, Sousa and Crepuscolo.

Another turn which will delight the children is "A Day at the Circus," presented entirely by Gal-el-el's Simian's, the most remarkable trained monkeys in the world.

May & Adams—singers, comedians and dancers.

## Blue Moon English Tea Room

Breakfast, Lunch, Afternoon Tea and Supper

Served. Rooms for Dining, Private Tea and Bridge Parties.

108 Hellaby Block Rice Street

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

THE BLUE MOON

108 HELLABY BLOCK RICE STREET

Lockhart and Leddy have figured out exactly how often and how hard they can fall without

striking any bones or otherwise seriously injuring themselves.

In all making one of the finest vaudeville bills of the season.

## WE MOUNT

DIAMONDS

PROPERLY

You might be greatly and very pleasantly surprised to learn how your jewelry can be improved by remounting. Think of this and try

## Dash Brothers

ASHMERE MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.

DIAMOND HALL

111 Jasper West

DIAMOND HALL, BRANCH

350 Nanayaw Ave.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Alberta at its next session for an Act authorizing the Dominion Trust Company, a body corporate, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 89 of the Acts of Parliament of Canada for the year 1912, and hereinafter referred to as the Company, to carry on its business and exercise its corporate powers within the Province of Alberta and enacting that any person or persons who may be appointed by the Supreme Court of said Province, or any Judge thereof, or any other Court, Judge, Officer or person authorized under the law of said Province to make such appointment, to execute the offices of executor, administrator, trustee, accountant, arbitrator, adjudge, auditor, receiver, assignee, liquidator, sequestrator, official guardian, guardian, curator, or committee of a lunatic, and perform the duties of such officers or trusts as fully and completely as a natural person so appointed could do; and to exercise in relation to trusts and its corporate powers, and enacting that the Company may be appointed to execute any of the said offices by any person or persons having authority by deed, will or other instruments to appoint a person or persons to execute any such offices, and that the Company may be appointed to be a sole trustee notwithstanding that but for such enactment it would be necessary to appoint more than the trustee, and that the Company may also be appointed jointly with any person, or body corporate, and enacting that it shall not be necessary for the Company to give an account for the due performance of its duties in any of the said offices unless otherwise ordered by the Court that the Company may take over the entire property, business and undertaking in said Province of Dominion Trust Company Limited, a body incorporated under the laws of the Province of British Columbia and licensed to do business in the province of Alberta by Certificate of Registration No. 212, dated the 17th day of January, 1910, issued under Foreign Companies Ordinance, and that all trust funds, property, estate, securities and powers of every nature and kind held, or enjoyed by said Dominion Trust Company Limited shall be transferred to the Company, subject to such conditions and trusts as the same are now held upon by Dominion Trust Company Limited, and declaring that the Company shall be substituted in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited in any such office or trust as aforesaid, and that in every trust deed, mortgage, indenture, conveyance, will, codicil, letter of administration, appointment or other document or authority in which Dominion Trust Company Limited is named or appointed to any such office or trust, including any will or codicil, of which the testator is still living, shall be read and construed in all respects as if the Company were named therein in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited.

DATED at Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, this 10th day of October, 1912.

SHORT, WOODS, BIGGAR & COLLISON,  
Solicitors for the Applicant.



## A Right Royal Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING DAY was observed in a right royal fashion by the Real Estate Firm of Robertson Davidson, Ltd. a Thanksgiving embodying and following out the old time tradition.

It was a large assembly—the entire staff from the Calgary Office coming up for the occasion. The married men brought the wife and children—the single men the sweetheart. The combined staffs numbered 78, and as one looked at these eating with such evident relish, the laughter rippling from one to another, happiness and prosperity shown by all—it reminded one of an old-time Christmas party.

After full justice had been done to the excellent dinner served in fine style by the capable management of the Northern Hotel, the company settled down to enjoy the programme that had been arranged.

This was opened by Mrs. Allan Sharp, who gave a brilliantly executed piano solo, which brought forth a well deserved encore.

Mr. J. P. Thorley, the humorist of the staff, kept the company in roars of laughter by his funny stories.

Mr. G. B. Robertson, the president, gave a brilliant speech on Thanksgiving from the firm's standpoint, and as one listened they realized that between the firm and the employees there existed a close bond of unity.

Moore Wilson, Moore, Jenkin and Westfall sang a quartette. It was an old plantation melody and brought down the house.

M. J. E. Loreman, the genial sales manager, gave a speech bristling with wit and humor on the "Humorous Side of a Salesman's Life," from which it was evident that Mr. Loreman has the happy knack of getting all the sunshine out of life.

Mr. Westfall contributed a violin solo, ably accompanied by Mrs. Sharp. He showed himself a true musician, his playing charming all.

Mr. Davidson, with old-time eloquence and humor, as only a Scot can give it, gave a fine address on the firm's work in general.

Mr. J. P. Wilson, one of the salesmen, gave a racy speech on Thanksgiving from the salesman's standpoint, and showed himself a past master of everything that a salesman should know.

To be satisfied, but not contented, is a motto the firm gives its employees. Everything comes to him who waits providing they hustle, is another, and as one listened to the speeches which brought out such sound, sterling principles, one is not surprised that the firm is so successful, for such principles, combined with indomitable energy, directed by an exceptionally able management, cannot help but build up a business of tremendous magnitude.

work. It is a great pity that an attempt was not made to secure a game at Calgary. If Winnipeg could pull off a game in October, there was a much better chance for one in Alberta.

The suggestion is made that an Australian team be brought to America during the next season to play Canadian and American clubs. This would be a very much better test than these occasional games in what is no cricketing weather at best and a month or so after play has stopped for the year. It would do a great deal to stimulate interest and if Canada did at all well, it would justify their inclusion in the next triangular series, if this is ever held. The idea was a good one, because the games were largely ruined by the weather, there is no reason why they should be abandoned.

Some few years ago an eminent American, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was asked, upon arriving in New York from a trip abroad, if he had heard that the Pirates had won the pennant. He countered with the question, "And pray, who are the Pirates?" The newspaper reporters were so dumfounded at having found a seemingly intelligent citizen of Pittsburgh, who had never heard of the redoubtable Pirates, that his query was made the feature of an article that appeared the next day in practically every newspaper of any note throughout the Republic. And it is not too much to say that the newspaper men were eminently justified in attaching the importance they did to the remark.

Those who followed athletics twenty years ago will regret to hear of the death of Tommy Connell, whose record for a mile has never been beaten by any amateur since. He became an American soldier when his running days were over and death came to him in the Philippines. He used to come over and run at the Canadian games when he was in his prime. They were very wonderful athletic meets in their way. One of his chief rivals was George W. Orton, a Toronto University runner, who after graduation from that institution was taken up by the University of Pennsylvania and became athletic director there, a position which he still holds, if I am not greatly mistaken. A race between Connell and Orton was something not easily forgotten.

## IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Away back some years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed, Thanksgiving Day was an occasion for going to church. Today its principal convenience is that it gives a date for football matches of the first magnitude.

The hold which Rugby has taken in Alberta was shown by the large crowd that went down from Edmonton for the match in Calgary on Monday, and the interest which everyone at this end manifested in the result. Calgary retained the championship, winning by 14-8 on the home grounds while they were but two points to the bad in Edmonton.

That the Eskimos played in very hard luck was apparent to everyone who saw the two matches. More of a lead was earned in Edmonton, Calgary's only tally being gained by a very strange error. In Calgary it was principally bad umpiring that held the boys from the capital back. This is not the kind of tale that one likes to indulge in after a defeat, but in the present instance there is plenty of excuse for it.

It is suggested that the team should withdraw from the league. This would be foolish. It is by no means unusual to be up against such conditions as had to be faced this year. The only thing is to go ahead another year and see that means are taken to avoid

them. The league has been the means of furnishing first class sport and we all look forward to seeing its usefulness expanded. There is no finer game played out of doors and the public can stand a great deal more of it than they have had.

The pugilistic contest between Bailey and Hyland was well fought and resulted in a draw after they had gone the limit. Hyland made a surprisingly good showing and Bailey will undoubtedly have to watch himself to retain his newly won honors.

The road race that the Daily Capital put on Monday morning

attracted a good crowd. These distance runs can be made annual features that will be looked forward to with interest each year. The success of the race round Hamilton Bay by the Hamilton Herald, a distance of eighteen miles, has served to stimulate many newspapers throughout the country to follow the Herald's example. The Capital would do well to make the distance a longer one. If it did, more talent would be brought out.

Paradoxical though it may be to some, it takes a more practised runner to make a showing at five miles than at fifteen or eighteen, and involves more of a strain. A regular course should be defined that will be followed year after year.

Nelson of the Y.M.C.A. ran

exceedingly well, breaking the Alberta record for the distance, going the five miles in 27 minutes, 11.45 seconds.

The showing made by the British Columbia cricketers against the Australians was very disappointing. Judging by the games of the past season at the Coast, it should have been a very much better one. On the two innings the men from the Antipodes had a lead of 162 runs and there were fifteen B.C. players in the field against them. This is very much worse than the Winnipeg team did and the Coast cricket has been spoken of by many as the best in Canada. However, as the teams from that province have not played those from the other, such a judgment is pretty much guess.

# EDMONTON'S STAR SUBDIVISION BEACON

Best Homesite Property on the Market To-day. Families are already living on the property. Many others are Building Homes.

## HEIGHTS

is within easy reach of Two Car Lines. Also Park, Stores, Church, School. The streets are graded. Many thousands of dollars have been spent on improvements, and other extensive improvements are being arranged for.

## ANNEX

We invite you to come and see this property. We want you to see the development with your own eyes. We will take you out in our auto with no expense to yourself.

PRICES \$125 PER LOT UP. 1-4 CASH, BALANCE 4, 8, 12 & 16 MONTHS.

ROERTSON-DAVIDSON LIMITED, OWNERS.

40 Jasper Avenue East

Largest Owners of Subdivision Property in the City

Adjoining Orpheum Theatre



## Through the Looking Glass

Continued from Page 1

held responsible for damage to articles the owners of which have been deceived as to their real quality and value. But the subject is one that touches every home and every pocketbook.

To succeed nowadays one needs to have good sight to see opportunities and had hearing—not to hear the voice of conscience.

A woman has no code of honour but follows her instincts; a man always has a code of honour—but follows his inclinations.

The other day in a bake shop, on a side street, I noticed a placard which said:

"After such and such a date customers must pay cash here. We have no time to keep books."

That's rather a bold stand to take in Edmonton.

In Edmonton, where the credit business is done to death.

And yet I wonder if it wouldn't, and doesn't, pay in the end?

Of late I have noticed we have more stores starting up, run on a purely cash basis. I haven't observed, however, that many of them offer any inducements to cash buyers.

Now this is all wrong.

Cash trading, to the merchant, means ready money on hand to buy to the best advantage.

It means no bad accounts.

It means no office staff.

It means the dispensing with the highly-paid services of an auditor.

It means more floor space.

The elimination of keeping books.

No anxiety.

The being able, at a moment's notice, to reckon just where he stands in a financial way.

It means the saving of an immense amount of time involved in reading out accounts.

And from the buyer's point of view, what?

No wretched bills to have to go over, and dispute at the end of the month.

The privilege of buying when, and where, she wants.

It means that the stores will have to, and be glad to, offer her inducements to come to their particular place of business.

The knowing where she stands in relation to the money allowed her for household expenses.

Personal, and so better, marketing.

It means that she will live within her means, not run a five thousand dollar show, on a two thousand dollar income.

It means better friends all around.

How many stores and businesses have lost custom, over sending in nagging accounts?

How many buyers have blamed businesses for persistently dunning them, when they have only themselves and their own carelessness to thank for it?

Of course there isn't much use in talking cash stores, until the practice of paying cash along every line of business becomes more general.

I may have the best wish in the world to pay my debts as I go, and yet not be able to do so, if the people who owe me money don't pay up.

It is quite appalling the amount of worry and anxiety the credit system brings about, and which might be eliminated, if those who have the money to meet their debts, hadn't such a rooted objection to paying out cash.

In this town at the present time I venture to say, one-half of the citizens are doing their speculating on other people's money.

On the money that belongs to their butcher, their baker and candle-stick maker.

The candle-stick maker is getting in his end of it, by robbing some Peter to pay some Paul.

Now who really keeps the ball going?

Have you ever thought it out?

Someone's got to pay.

Don't you suppose there are people going to the wall every day because of some one else's dishonesty?

And always it seems the poor want-to-be honest little fish, who have to pay the sacrifice.

The big fellows are so strong they break through the net, and make their escape.

It's all wrong.

The system is all to the bad.

No one profits by it, save the very people who are no use to a community.

When I started this paper I made up my mind I would have no dead-head advertisers, no non-collectable subscribers.

I have to live and pay my way.

Then if my paper is worth reading, it's worth paying for.

I have had numerous complaints that this paper is not reaching certain homes.

On looking up the list I find their names are not down as subscribers.

It may seem an ungracious rule, but no papers are being sent out without the subscriptions being paid in advance.

A certain paper I could name, died one day because its collector couldn't get his hands on one-seventh of its revenue.

It's easier going without subscribers, than it is paying their postage and free-paper bills.

I have studied in the school of hard experience. I don't want any more experience.

I have not time, and no employees, to devote to keeping complicated books.

Since Alderman Joseph Clarke departed the single life last week, and left to enjoy a much-earned rest, peace and apparent harmony have descended on the shoulders of the City Fathers.

Alderman Clarke is the Wasp of the Council.

Without him they are mostly a quiet, ordinary collection of mortals, mostly minding their own business.

But let him loose at a camp-meeting, or a political gathering, or a Council Soiree, and things begin to happen.

Whether the married state that has tamed ten thousand lads as wild as himself, will produce the same desired result in the case of the Council.

A wasp really, you know, has its uses, if for nothing better than to set a crowd by the ears, and keep it moving.

I see the Arbiters of our Civic destinies, are still toying with the McInnis land, but if what I hear is true, the voracious apitators for an investigation of the matter, have turned local warrens in the interim, for why I presume they best know themselves, and

## THE TRUE STORY OF DR. COOK

Dr. Cook being smothered in roses on reaching New York City in the Fall of 1909.

Edmonton had a first class Halloween joke perpetrated on it when Dr. Cook told an audience at Methodist Church of "My Attainment of the Pole."

Whether the people who went to the lecture did so in the belief that the doctor was ever near the Pole or simply for the satisfaction of listening to one of the boldest and most accomplished prevaricators in history is not altogether certain.

In either case, it is not to their credit that he should have been given so much attention.

It is only three years since he came back with the news that he had discovered the Pole.

He complains now that he has been made the victim of a general conspiracy. But when he first reached civilization, no man could have been given a warmer greeting. His story was accepted as true by practically everybody. The above illustration shows the way in which he was welcomed in New York.

In Denmark he had previously been received with almost royal honors.

He makes fierce tirades now against the National Geographical Society but a reading of its journal published during the month of his arrival shows how it was prepared to give his proofs the most respectful hearing.

The University of Copenhagen had gone so far as to confer certain honors upon him simply on the strength of his story. World-wide fame had been as false as after making investigation if it had not been proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was?

The committee of the National Geographical Society is now described by him as composed of "fire-side geographers and political jellyfish."

As a matter of fact it was composed of men who stand in the very forefront of geographic science.

His head was the man who had been chief geographer of the United States for nearly thirty years. Their finding has been borne out by that of every other scientific society both in Europe and America.

The public memory is surely not so short-lived that it can be forgotten at this early date how after Cook's conviction had sworn that his story of the ascent of Mount McKinley was false, after the two Eskimos who were with him in the North had testified that he had only gone a few miles off Nasvet Somel, after a man had sworn that he had prepared the set of observations that were to be submitted by Cook to the University of Copenhagen, the committee of that institution reported that there was no proof whatever of his original statements.

Nor is one likely to forget that after he had made very considerable sums of money out of his writings and lectures, Cook did not appear before the Copenhagen committee but disappeared from view entirely for a long while.

Apparently he thinks the people of Western Canada have never heard of all this and that they will swallow anything that he tells them.

so like a great many other investigations, one day no doubt we will waken up to find that we have been harboring a corpse.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows.

Strange ship-board companions too, seeing it now tores to and fro on the same vessel, those two old mutual admirers, Arthur, Knight of the Holy Grail, also Premier of Alberta, and that other lamb, Richard Bedford Bennett, both bound for Old London, to hear more of that interesting case the "A. and G. W."

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring tra la,

But Springs blossom into Summers, Summers into Falls, Falls into Winters, and we seem to go as far ahead in arriving at any conclusions, as we were when the Royal Commission sat in our midst, and wrestled with the stone wall of the Beale on the Inside, who had covered their tracks only too well.

A week hence, the Presidential Election in the States will be over.

The Voice of the People will have spoken.

Letting odds now stand 1-1 for Wilson.

Whether wins out gets a mixed-prize package. The office isn't all sugared popcorn.

There are the hard kernels to crack at the bottom of the bag.

An odd assassin's bullet may be hidden there. Prize packages are a lottery at best, I was reading to-day in a June Century some of the incidents connected with Grover Cleveland's election.

Listen to this letter—one of the first received: Dear Grover Cleveland, Weysside, Ill., Nov. 7, 1881.

I lost all I had on your majority in N. Y. but I congratulate you. I am a poor man.

P.S.—For God's sake let me have the post office at this place.

Yours truly, J. P. Sampson.



## STUNNING MILLINERY

FOR EVERY OCCASION

As we reveal the charming new creations for Fall and Winter, women almost always involuntarily exclaim over their beauty—and they are beautiful indeed.

It is a fascinating collection—yes, and it is more than that. It is the finest collection of moderately priced hats ever displayed for sale in Edmonton. There are hats for business, hats for party and evening wear and hats for street wear. Even the simplest and most inexpensive are in good taste and correct style, for they were inspired by some beautiful imported model, perhaps, and adapted in less expensive materials—and made on this side the Atlantic.

It is the constant study for something different—the working out of new effects—getting the new things the moment they are shown, and above all, pricing them moderately, that has given "The Bay" the lead in millinery selling.

**UNTRIMMED SHAPES**—An abundance of untrimmed shapes—an bewildering assortment of styles—a choice more varied than one could get in most city stores. Velvets, beavers, felts, velours and plush shapes. At \$3.00 and upwards.

**TRIMMED BEAVERS**—Expertly made from soft, perfect quality fur, in white, sky-blue and pink. In small, medium and the extremely large, but graceful, shapes. At \$12.00 and upwards.

**HATS FOR CHILDREN**—Simple little ready-to-wear Hats, for school and general knock-about wear, in different colors and styles. From \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Second Floor

## THE HUDSON'S BAY CO.

A fairly early bird looking for a worm, wasn't he? And here is a charming letter from an unknown admirer:

November 15, 1881.

Dear Mr. President, I am glad you are elected. I am as glad as though I was a man, not a little girl.

With love,

Iona Sherwood.

One supporter reassured the President-elect with these words:

Kingston, Mo., Nov. 11, 1881.

Grover Cleveland, I hear Sir and President, I have been rattling ever since the election. Have lost considerable time and sleep, also lost an office by electioneering for you instead of myself. I was up this morning at 1 o'clock, shooting myself. The country is safe.

Respectfully,

P. F. Willard, Constable.

Washington, D.C., Nov. 22, 1881.

Hon. Grover Cleveland,

Esteemed Sir,

It is not to be denied that I would have changed the result if I could have done so, but failing in that, I bow submissively to the powers that be, as expressed in the voice of the people (the men)

Yours truly,

A. Lockwood.

I like Sampson's and Willard's letters best myself. They are surely the most characteristic. Little Iona Sherwood was only a fragrant breath of love, sweetening and perfuming the sordid grist.

Even now, no doubt all the men who feel that they will be personally responsible for either Wilson's, Taft's, or Roosevelt's election, are sitting patiently, pen in hand, waiting to assure the coming President—that they put him where he is, and—hat they have no antipathy to—worms.